THE PACIFIC

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ANOTHER YEAR.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year, of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love:
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The foreign population of Seattle is reported to be 125,000, Scandinavians and Germans leading.

The Rev. Dr. A. L. Riggs, principal of the Santee Normal Training School, under the care of the American Missionary Association, at Santee, Nebraska, has come to Claremont, California, for the winter.

Dr. David P. Barrows, who won distinction as a member of the Philippine Education Commission, widely spoken of now as one of the foremost educators of the country, and about to assume his duties as Professor of Education in the University of California, is an alumnus of Pomona College. Put this to the credit of "the small college."

The Rev. Dr. Tufts, the Pacific coast secretary of the International Reform Bureau, has prepared for The Pacific three articles on Seventh Day Adventism. The first of the series appears this week. It is well to be informed concerning the aims and methods of the Adventists, and it is hoped that the information furnished by Dr. Tufts will be found widely valuable.

The Rev. Geo. H. Hinman, the Pacific Coast secretary of the American Missionary Association, has located his permanent headquarters in the Chinese Mission building at 31 Brenham Place, San Francisco. His residence is in Oakland, at 1317 22d Ave. When Mr. Hinman first took up the work on the coast he located in Seattle temporarily, planning to come later to San Francisco because of its more central location in the coast district. Welcoming him months ago to the coast as a valuable acquisition, we now welcome him to California.

The growing importance of the Pacific ocean is noted as follows in the recent report of the Secretary of the Navy: "Our docking and repair facilities on the Pacific coast are now scarcely adequate for the naval force there. The Pacific ocean is growing in importance and, with the opening of the Panama Canal, will undoubtedly become the scene of greater commercial and naval activity. An increase in the facilities on the Pacific coast for coaling, docking, and repair of naval vessels is therefore a matter requiring action in the near future."

Senator Piles of the state of Washington remarked recently at the national capitol that he came to the Senate six years too soon. "Immediately after my election, the greatest boom that ever struck the Puget Sound country began. There has not been a year of my service that I could not have made $100,000 in my law practice and in land speculation in and around Seattle. I am not a man of means, and must therefore make some provision for my family, which I cannot do as a member of the Senate." It is reported that Senator Flint of California has said that he is also too poor to remain in the Senate.

A vigorous campaign against the saloons was conducted in Walla Walla, Washington, which ended last week in a victory for the saloon forces. The Walla Walla "Morning Union" says that the principal address the day before the vote was made was by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks, pastor of the First Congregational Church, saying in that connection that it was not difficult to get an audience of a thousand or more as Dr. Brooks "has the reputation of being the ablest speaker in this city and one of the foremost in the Northwest." Concerning the address the Union says: "He indulged in no mud-throwing and did not have to resort to witticism in order to gain the attention of his audience. Taking it throughout, Dr. Brooks' address was the cleanest and most pointed delivered from the 'dry' standpoint during the entire campaign." The paper from which this quotation is made advocated the license plan.

In a recent sermon the Rev. Dr.Sydney Strong of the Queen Anne Congregational Church of Seattle spoke on Sensationalism as follows: "Sensationalism is rank in our age; but no ranker than in past ages. The sensational preacher, sensational editor, sensational doctor is a survival of the fakir of India and witch-doctor of Africa. In other words, humanity slowly unwinds the bands of barbarism in order to emerge into the freedom of the spirit. Jesus clearly saw that there was no power in merely exciting attention and drawing a crowd. A man who should engage to jump off the totem pole in Pioneer Square would draw 10,000 people at ten cents a head; a woman would draw 20,000 people. And yet neither one would possess a single ounce of influence for good over the crowd. Men deceive themselves when they think they are exercising power, when they attract attention. Sensationalism, on the other hand, is generally injurious. It turns the mind away from the inner and important. It creates an exaggerated egotism and fosters a barren vanity. It makes worship an entertainment and life an exhibition. It turns men away from God. Jesus was jealous for God. He could not tolerate the thought of using the power of God to create a spectacle that would tickle the senses of the crowd. He was not willing to make trial of God. He was willing to hurl himself from the temple if God so willed; but not to please the crowd or draw attention to himself. His whole life he held in reserve to do the will of God."

About the middle of January there will be inaugurated in Southern California a missionary campaign in which the churches will be thoroughly instructed as to the Con-

gregational missionary enterprises and the relation thereto of the apportionment plan adopted by the Southern California Conference. Meetings will be held in a large number of churches, for the campaign will be conducted for several weeks. The coast secretaries of the missionary societies will be in attendance and will give addresses. The Southern California Conference has voted to raise $48,638, and to divide it as follows: To the American Board, $13,500; to the Home Missionary Society, $15,000; to the American Missionary Association, $5,000; to the Church Building Society, $3,750; to the Educational Society, $2,000; to the Sunday School and Publishing Society, $1,400; Ministerial Relief, $700; Contingent fund, $7,288. This latter includes administration expenses, a part of which are the salaries of the Superintendent of Benevolences and the Pastor-at-Large. Unless money contributed by the local churches is designated for some particular society when sent to the conference treasurer it will be divided on the percentage plan as follows: 27.7 to the American Board, 31 to the Home Missionary Society, 10.3 to the A. M. A., 7.7 to Church Building Society, 4.1 to Educational Society, 2.8 to Sunday School Society, 1.4 to Ministerial Relief, 15 to Contingent fund. Money designated by any church will be forwarded as designated, but all other money will be so divided by the state treasurer as to give to each society the proportion herein stated. We hope for the successful working of this apportionment plan, which, with many admirable features of its own, complies with the recommendations of the National Council.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Negroes in the United States have sixty-two thousand churches.

The Roman Catholics have property investments in Chicago amounting to $40,000,000.

On the Jewish New Year six hundred thousand Jews attended the synagogue services in New York City.

The Young Woman's Christian Association in Vassar College has a membership of nearly 800.

The highest honors in English language and literature at Yale University for 1909 were won by a Negro, a graduate of a mission school at Austin, Texas.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is being celebrated in Baltimore this week.

A Chinese student at Yale won the Ten Eyck prize for speaking this year. His subject was "America and the Far East." The award carries with it the income of a fund of $2,600.

ExPresident Eliot of Harvard contributes to the January number of the Century Magazine a valuable article entitled "A Study of the New Plan of Chicago." There is incidentally in the article considerable on city-planning in general. Among the illustrations are pictures of the proposed civic centers in several of the large cities of the country. There is a picture also of the architectural treatment of Telegraph hill, San Francisco, suggested by Daniel H. Burnham. Concerning civic centers Dr. Eliot says: "If a large city is to be maintained as a single unified organism, it must of necessity have a civic center or heart, which may not be its center of population, but must be at or near the center of its commercial, financial and industrial activities. On this middle ground should be placed its chief public buildings."

In a recent sermon on Christ the Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan said: "Your character will depend upon your attitude to Christ. You cannot reject the Christ of the Gospel of Matthew without suffering deterioration of character; you cannot accept Him without entering upon an ennobled life. Everywhere there are men and women who can testify to the fact that the crowning of Jesus changed their outlook, their conceptions, and therefore reacted upon them so that in character they are not what they were. Crown Jesus, and the character becomes characterized by purity and by love. A stern endeavor after righteousness is the shaping of character. Reject this Christ of grace and glory, and gradually your standard of morality is lowered, and gradually you depart from your high ideals and accept lower estimates of things."

The Roman Catholic Church is hostile to Freemasonry. The Christian Register discusses its antagonism as follows: "The Roman Catholic Church makes a grievous mistake when, without discrimination, it attacks Freemasonry the world over. It is true that on the continent of Europe Freemasons have expunged theism from their ritual. For this reason the Freemasons of England and France are not in fellowship. Roman Catholics, we are told, are forbidden to join any society which imposes a vow of secrecy that interferes with the confessional. If the priest is the religious director of a society, membership is not forbidden. Now all the lodges of England and America are theistic, and we see no reason why any priest might not be a member of a lodge, unless it interferes with his obligation to confess everything to his superiors in the Church. In any case the hostility of this Church creates an unnecessary antagonism because it is wholly one-sided. There is nothing in Masonry which is opposed to the Roman Catholic or to any other form of religion."

Columbia University led in the registration of students for 1909, the number being 4,650. Michigan stands next with 4,631. Then the following is the order: "Pennsylvania, 4,608; Harvard, 4,518; Cornell, 4,514; Illinois, 4,173; Minnesota, 4036; Wisconsin, 3,495; California, 3,454; New York, 3,424; Yale, 3,264; Syracuse, 3,138; Northwestern, 3,129; Nebraska, 3,121; Chicago, 2,804; Ohio, 2,644; Missouri, 2,226; Iowa, 2,024; Kansas, 1,922; Texas, 1,795; Stanford, 1,604; Indiana, 1,417; Princeton, 1,398; Tulane, 1,156; Western Reserve, 1,083; Washington, 1,003; Virginia, 767; Johns Hopkins, 710. Last year Michigan headed the list. The addition of the summer sessions' enrollment gives to Columbia 6,132 for 1909; Harvard, 5,558; Chicago, 5,487; Michigan, 5,259; Cornell, 5,028; Pennsylvania, 4,857; Illinois, 4,502; Minnesota, 4,351; Wisconsin, 4,245; California, 4,084. The following named colleges had these numbers: Wellesley, 1,319; Dartmouth, 1,197; Vassar, 1,039; Oberlin (college only), 953; in all departments, 1,798; Williams, 528; Amherst, 526; Smith, 1,609; Mount Holyoke, 752.

The losing of nearly a million dollars of the funds of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company by its late president in unfortunate personal speculations has recalled the story of a man—almost a solitary case—who speculated with

the funds of a company of which he was in charge, and pulled through. The shortage reached about half a million dollars before any one knew that the man had taken a cent. None of the company's officers knew it, but one of the defaulter's friends, seeing that the man was laboring under a great mental strain, asked him what was the matter. The man finally admitted that he had appropriated the company's funds, but pledged his friend to secrecy, and promised that he would take no more money, but would get out all right if his shortage was not discovered. And, strange to say—it was one chance in a million—that is exactly what happened. The market turned, stocks went up and a wave of bull speculation brought the man out whole. He made up his shortage and no one in the company ever knew that he had stolen a cent. But the experience practically killed the man. Worry completely shattered his health. After a few months, he was compelled to give up work and he left the city, retiring to some out of the way place. He was spared disgrace, but a look at his face showed that he had suffered intense torture.

The United Brethren Church has put the name of the founder of that Church into the title of its Sunday-school publications, and have now "The Otterbein Bible Teacher," the "Otterbein Quarterly," etc. The Religious Telescope says: "The children of Israel stopped long enough at a certain place to make a heap of twelve stones. The purpose is given in the words of Joshua: 'That this may be a sign unto you, that when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them, That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off; and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel forever.' History does not tell how many thousands of times the meaning of the pile of stones was explained to subsequent generations. The very narration increased love for Israel and for Israel's God. Many a child in United Brethren homes will point to the name 'Otterbein' and ask how it is pronounced and what it means. This will give parents an opportunity to instill historic and religious truths in the mind of the child. The Sunday-school superintendent will have an excuse for making mention of our Church founder before his school, and will not need to await Children's Day for a natural time to speak of Philip William Otterbein. In outside homes that do not know our history the name will awaken curiosity and open the way for inquiry and knowledge."

The Universalist Church in Japan is to be called "The Japanese Christian Church of Impartial Love" The Universalist Leader, speaking approvingly of the name, says: "We are not quite sure that they have not improved on ours here at home. At least we are not ashamed to have our great name translated to the Japanese in terms which express so vividly and so comprehensively that divine nature upon which we rest all our hopes in this world and the world to come." The Leader says further: "It is comprehensive, positive, prophetic. Our faith rings in it with the splendid tocsin note of warning and hope. There are no favorites here. No outcasts either. There is the inexorable decree of unimpeachable goodness. There is the oncoming and onward sweeping of a thought which includes all. Impartial is inclusive, not exclusive. Vast as cosmic processes, fine as the net of fate, sure as the stars which return forever to their places in the sky, works the will of Impartial Love. And there is still more in that title. As we brood over it, across the field of vision sweeps a panorama of the past. It is a Galilean hillside. A multitude are gathered there. In their midst is a young man filled with a strange, mystic power, a beautiful winning spirit. Those are humble village folks, as most of those in old Japan are. There are great questionings in those ancient as in those modern hearts. Who and what is God? What are we that He is mindful of our cry? What hope for us lies in the thoughts of Him whom we see not and know not? Then with words that float like gentle messengers of life and hope and love out of the heavens, come those wonderful yet simple teachings of the ways of the Eternal One. The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, the sun is shining. Lilies lift their "flaming orisons" beside the path. Sparrows chirrup in the air. Soft balmy winds bring warm sunbeams to play about the waiting crowd. From sun and blossom and bird, from simple nature's commonplaces, this Master soul pictures in fadeless colors the goodness and impartiality of God. The beautiful flower, the beam of light, the twitter of the birds, all tell one story when sifted through the soul of one who understands the heart of men and things."

SHEPHERDS AND WISE MEN.

W. N. Burr.

The daylight was rapidly fading. In half an hour night would be well into her shift again.

"Up in the ether hung the horn
Of the new moon; and, newly-born,
From out the shadows trembled far
The shining of a single star."

A Man came out from his home and walked with firm, steady step down the street. He was well-groomed, well kept—a man in middle life, who seemed to have nothing to regret. Such a man—of middle age, in perfect health, and "fairly well-to-do," as the neighbors say, is one of the inspirations of his time. His strength, poise and purposefulness all give him power among his fellows.

One would have had no difficulty in placing this man. His air was that of the twentieth century business man who has his affffairs well in hand, and is accustomed to giving orders to other men, not as an autocrat, but as a natural captain of industry. For years he had practiced deep breathing out in the strong air of practical business life, and he had developed a strong, masculine character. There was a suggestion of cleanness and virility in all his outside appearance. He was one of the men to whom weaker ones naturally turn for counsel and advice.

As he made his way down the street he chanced to look up, and his eye caught sight of the thin, silver crescent that was pinner like a dainty ornament upon the great round bosom of the sky.

"There's the new moon, see it?" he heard an humble woman call to her husband, as the two were attending to evening chores in the little yard at the back of their dwelling. And he looked up again at the thin crescent, and this time he saw the star close by; and turning his eyes toward other skyspaces he saw other stars beginning to set their tiny twinkling lamps to brighten the cold, dark night.

The Christmas spirit was in the air. The Man had come in touch with it at every turn, as he had moved about with the business of the day. And in his home, with its bright circle of boys and girls, it was the spirit of the Christmastide that prevailed. So it is not strange that as the day faded away, and the stars came out into the cold December night, that there should flit through the mind of the Man a faint picture of shepherds tending their flocks by night.

"The country lads now heap each wooden manger,
That every patient beast may have its fill;
For once a stable held a Princely Stranger,
And even a simple ox would think it ill
If on this night of glory
A shepherd should forget
The manger of the story,
With silver radiance set."

The echo of these words was in the ears of the Man, for in his home the mother of his children had just been teaching one of his boys to repeat in pleasing manner the verses of which these lines are a part:

"Shepherds, stars, flocks, angels and mangers—and sales, shares, stocks, freight rates and dividends make a strange mixture in one's mind these days," the Man said, half-smiling, to himself as he turned into a street that was poorer than the one along which he had been walking. And just then he found himself side by side with a Wise Man—Professor See, the astronomer.

"Star-gazing on Buckett Street?" asked the merchant of the mathematician.

"Not exactly," replied the Wise Man with a light laugh. "The stars do not need me just now, so I am down here to look after one of the shepherds who watches his flock by night.

"Buckett Street turned Plain of Judea?" The merchant put the interrogation a little bewilderingly.

"Well, perhaps so, perhaps so," answered the Wise Man. "Come with me and judge for yourself."

The two walked on into the next block where the Professor stopped before a rude building that was known as "John's Carpenter Shop." Its one room was well-lighted, and John the Carpenter was busy inside, but not with plane, and saw, and hammer. Fifteen street boys were sitting about the room on improvised seats or on the floor, and John the Carpenter was telling them a story. This humble carpenter had two talents besides his talent for building houses and making all sorts of things out of lumber. He could tell a story, and he could sing. And he had persuaded a lot of these street-boys to come to his shop on certain nights of every week to listen to his stories; and sometimes when the boys seemed docile enough to stand it he made an attempt to teach them to sing. The Wise Man gave this information to the merchant in a low tone as the two stood outside for a moment looking through the window upon the scene within, adding:

"Was I not right when I told you there was a shepherd down here who watches his flock by night?'

"This is all right—something practical about it. John is my kind of a shepherd for the Christmas season," remarked the merchant, with a business man's quick response to anything that has the flavor of that which in the business world is called "practical." "But what have you to do with this business, Professor?" he added.

"O, I come down here once in a while to help John with his sheep. Sometimes they take more readily to a little simple mathematics than to music, and sometimes they don't."

"So it takes both a Wise Man and a Shepherd to look after this flock, does it?"

"Well, sometimes; but the Shepherd is master of ceremonies. Come in, won't you?"

"Not tonight, but I'll remember this work. Those kids will behave themselves better if I stay away than if I were to go in there—I know how such fellows like to show off when a visitor appears." And in that particular the Merchant proved himself to be wiser than the Wise Man.

The astronomer went in among the boys, and the Merchant walked on down the street.

Everything in that part of the city betokened the presence of the humbler people. The houses were small, and the stores were rather shabby and not very well stocked, and the streets were dimly lighted. A block or two below the shop of John the Carpenter the merchant came to a dingy little church that had the appearance of neglect on the outside, but inside was life and light. The good people of the neighborhood were preparing for a Christmas festival.

"Just what **my** folks are up to over in the big church on Worthington Avenue." The spirit of the season had taken hold of the Man, and his thought was running out of its usual groove of commercialism. "I never thought of it before, but Christmas seems to be something that appeals to all sorts and conditions of people. Worthington Avenue and Buckett Street are one in their dominant interest tonight. I wonder if it was really a bit of deliberate planning on the part of the Almighty that shepherds and wise men, the unlearned and the cultured, should come **together** at the Bethlehem manger? I don't know as I had ever thought of that before—that the shepherds represent the humbler people, and the wise men the more cultured class, and when they come together in a common interest in the Saviour the line of difference grows dim, and they meet on a common plane. What is that old Bible verse I picked up when I was a Sunday-school boy myself?—'The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all.' It runs something like that, if I remember right Evidently there is a common meeting ground for all kinds of folks, and Christmas reveals it. So it doesn't make so **much** difference what kind of people we are. The chief thing in life would seem to be to get on the common ground that was made for all sorts. The Saviour came to save shepherds, and He came to save wise men, and the one needs Him just as much as the other. Shepherds without the Saviour are no better than wise men without the Saviour; and wise men without the Saviour are no better than shepherds without the Saviour. There is not so much difference between humble shepherds and full-handed wise men, after all. If the shepherds give heed to the angels' song, and if the wise men follow the star, they come together, have common interests, become possessed of a common joy; and if humble shepherds refuse to listen to the angels' song, and if wise men refuse to follow the star

they remain apart, and clash and hate and misunderstand each other. It looks as if Christmas held about all the solution there is to the world's social problems, and all the rest of the problems.'

The Man was preaching a sermon to himself as he walked along, but he did not think of that. He was just allowing his better self to direct his thinking.

He had come down into the lower part of the city to call upon one of his workmen, a favorite because of his faithfulness, who had been laid up for several weeks by an accident.

"Jim's a shepherd and I'm a wi——"

He cut his thought short. "I'm not quite so sure about that—I'll have to think that out later."

He was at Jim's door. The walls of the little house were not thick, and the door did not fit its jamb closely, and he could hear the words that a boy-voice inside was repeating in a tone a little louder than the natural tone:

"The country lads now heap each wooden manger
That every patient beast may have its fill;
For once a stable held a Princely Stranger,
And even a simple ox would think it ill
If, on this night of glory
A shepherd should forget
The manger of the story,
With silver radiance set."

"If that boy of Jim's down here on Buckett Street is not at work on the very same Christmas verses that my boy has been learning for his Sunday-school piece; and my youngster will have to look out or Jim's boy will get the 'expression' worked up much the better. Shepherds and wise men on common ground again."

Something like this was running through the mind of the Man as he paused a moment on the low step before knocking at Jim's door.

. . . . . .

"Jim, has it ever occurred to you that there was a purpose in the fact that the birth of the Saviour was announced both to humble shepherds and to wise men?"

The two had been talking for half an hour on subjects of interest in their relation as employer and employe, when, after a pause in the conversation the Man asked this quite unexpected question.

"Why, yes, sir," replied Jim, hesitatingly, "I've thought a deal about that, sir; but I didn't know you was much interested in such matters."

"Well, Jim, I suppose I have been so full of business that I've never taken time to think much about anything else. That shepherd-and-wise-man story has always seemed to me a little vague, just something for the children at Christmas time; but somehow tonight I've got a new grip on it, or it has taken hold of **me** with a new grip. It links in with some of the questions of the day, and that lifts it out of the dreamy past, and makes it real. It never meant anything to me before that it was **shepherds** that heard the song—I just took that as part of the story with no special significance. But——"

The Man hesitated. Jim understod why.

"There's humble shepherds and wise men in the world today, sir, and always has been. I've been thinking a good deal about social problems and class distinctions since I've been laid up here, and I've got some new ideas, too. I've sometimes done a lot of bitter thinking along the same line when I've been at work, and have heard the boys talking about their rights and their wrongs, socially and industrially. And you'll pardon me, sir, if I speak plain, and say that we work-people have some considerable reason for feeling that our rights are not always respected. You and I have always got long well together, because you notice a fellow once in a while, and take some little interest in him, especially when he's laid up, as I've been lately. But everybody knows there's a deal of discontent in our ranks, sir, and there's some little reason for it, as I said, because we're human and can **feel.** But since I've been laid up, sir, I've found there is more of what's called the milk of human kindness in the world than some folks thinks there is; and it's not confined to any one kind of people either. It's in among the shepherd class; but I've found, too, that some Wise Men have hearts as well as heads." Jim said this with a laugh. "Professor See knows all about stars, I suppose, but his head is not always up in the sky, for he's been down here time and again, since I've been laid up, and has helped to shorten and brighten up many an hour that would have been long and dismal if he hadn't come in. And I'm more grateful than you'll ever know for all the attention you and your family have given us since the day I got caught in the machinery and came near losing my life. As I said, I've been doing some all around thinking since I've been shut up here, and I've come to the conclusion that there's a good deal more talk made about class distinctions in this world than there's really any need of, much as **some** such talk is needed. There's rights and there's wrongs among all classes, but it's pretty hard for most any of us to see the other fellow's rights and wrongs as plain as one can see his own. And so we don't get hold of things just as they are, but only just as we think they are. Now the Almighty knew just what a botch folks would make of their living and working together, when some are tempered one way and some another; and He's been working all through time to settle all the difficulties for us, and they might have been settled long ago if all classes and conditions of folks had just let Him have His way with them. He sent us a Saviour to save us—I mean to save us all around, from our social and industrial sins, as well as to save our individual souls. And He has been telling us right from the very night that the Saviour was born that there would be peace on earth, and good will among men when all classes—humble shepherds and men of great wisdom—would just stop thinking so much about their differences and get together around the Saviour! They all have interests in Him, for He came to open the eyes of one class as well as of the other. Jesus Christ doesn't belong just to the plain, humble people—He belongs to both humble shepherds and to wise men. And He doesn't belong just to the wealthy and the cultured and the high-born—He belongs to both the wise men and the shepherds. They were **both** told of it when He was born, and they both hurried down to Bethlehem to worship Him; and if shepherds and wise men had just kept their eyes on Him and minded the words He's been speaking to them all these years, instead of getting all tangled up over their differences of one kind and another, we might have had peace on earth and good will among men

long ago. But, of course, that ain't human nature, and as long as we let our human nature rule us without much regard for anything better, we'll have to take the consequences of our own foolishness. But I'm beginning to think, sir, that it's up to each one of us who gets hold of this in this way, to give the Saviour His chancec, so far as we are concerned. If just one man gets more of a notion of paying attention to Jesus Christ than to himself as shepherd or wise man or whatever he may be, there's that much less to be done to bring things along towards peace and good-will. It don't make so much difference whether we're shepherds or wise men, as it does whether we let Jesus Christ have his way with us or not. He's King, and we'll have to acknowledge it some day, and we'll all be enough sight happier if we let Him rule us right now. I'm willing enough to be just a humble shepherd, or a grimy workman, if that's my place, and I guess it is; but that don't need to keep me away from Bethlehem! I'll be just a better workman for giving up to Jesus Christ, I'm sure. Same way with—well, we'll call 'em wise men. Jesus Christ will settle all our differences, sir, as soon as we'll give us and let Him."

"I guess you're right, Jim," said the Man, as he arose and bade the workman good-night.

La Canada, Dec. 20, 1909.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISM EXPOSED.

G. L. Tufts, Ph. D.

These papers are written to inform your readers of an aggressive foe against the Church and State, an enemy to civil and religious liberty. But, let it be understood that we people, but their public teachings and acts. Nor have we are not impugning the private lives or character of these people, but their public teachings and acts. Nor have we in mind the rank and file of Adventists, whom we assume to be sincere, though misguided, but our contention is with the responsible leaders among them. The writer is especially indebted for many of the facts he shall cite, to Rev. D. M. Canright of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who for twenty-eight years was a most prominent preacher, instructor and debater among the Adventists. He is now a highly accredited minister of the Baptist Church, thoroughly reliable in his statements. Every pastor should send for his "Seventh-Day Adventism Renounced," and urge his people to read it.

The word teaches us that in later times some shall fall away from the faith—through the hyprocrisy of men that speak lies,—commanding to abstain from meats, which God created to be received with thanksgiving "There arose false prophets also among the people as among you, also there shall be false teachers, who shall privily bring in destructive heresies, (margin, sects of perdition) denying even the Master that bought them. And in covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you." Hence we are warned to "believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." It does not require a special gift of "discerning of spirits" to see in the above language the handwriting upon the wall against such modern sects as Mormonism, Dowieism, and Seventh-Day Adventism.

Modern Adventism had its origin in the Millerite movement of 1843-4. Its founders were active workers in that religious freak. Mrs. White, who sustains the same relation to the Advent Church that Mrs. Eddy does to Christian Science and Joseph Smith to Mormonism, was a disciple of Miller. She and her helpers claim to be carrying on the work which Miller began. Her husband, Elder White, said: "We hold that the great movement upon the Second Advent question, which commenced with the writings and public lectures of Wm. Miller, has been, in its leading features, in fulfillment of prophecy." And their prophetess, Mrs. White, wrote: "I saw that they were correct in their reckoning of the prophetic periods; prophetic time closed in 1844." "As the churches refused to receive the first angel's message (Miller's warning), they rejected the light from heaven and fell from the favor of God." Strange to say, they still maintain that Jesus did come in 1844, but the sanctuary to which he came was in heaven instead of upon earth as they first taught! Probation for sinners ceased at that date. The churches that rejected the light became apostate, "Babylon." And yet they have set other times for the Advent of Christ, 1847, '50, '52, '54, '55, '63, '67, '68, '77 and so on during the past fifty years. Why these later dates if Jesus came in 1844? They have kept their children out of school, for the world was coming to an end and they would need no education. They refused to plant fruit trees as they expected soon to eat of the twelve manner of fruits from the tree of life. Their harvests were left in the fields to perish while they were in expectation listening for Gabriel's trumpet to sound the knell of time.

Thus Mrs. White, to whom God reveals his secrets in visions and who is the inspired prophet of the Adventist Church, is the one described by Moses: "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him." She declared that old time would cease to roll on, but the sun still rises and sets. She saw in vision that "Jesus Christ arose on the tenth day of the seventh month, 1844, and shut the door of mercy; he left forever the mediatorial throne; the whole world was doomed and lost and there never could be another sinner saved," as she testified to Mrs. L. S. Burdick of San Francisco. Yet the Lord is adding to his church daily such as are being saved. But the prophet of Adventism has it revealed to her that these were spurious conversions. Listen to her revelations, you miriads of happy but deceived souls, who think you have been washed from your sins since the door of salvation was shut in 1844. "I saw that the mysterious signs and wonders and false reformations would increase and spread. The reformations that were shown me were not reformations from error to truth, but from bad to worse, for those who professed a change of heart had only wrapped about them a religious garb, which covered up the iniquity of a wicked heart. Some appeared to have been really converted, so as to deceive God's people, but if their hearts could be seen they would appear as black as ever."

Do you ask, are such statements endorsed by the Seventh-Day Adventists Church? Let their own leaders answer. Of her inspiration Elder Smith says: "It comes to us as a divine message." In a debate at Healdsburg, California, in 1889, the Adventists continued: "The vision of Mrs. E. G. White are revelations from God." She herself says of her writings: "It is hardly possible for men to offer a greater insult to God than to despise and reject"

them. "It is God, and not an erring mortal that has spoken." "If you lessen the confidence of God's people in the testimonies he has sent them, you are rebelling against God." It is common for Adventists to say that when they give up Mrs. White's visions they will also renounce the Bible. Says the Rev. Canright: "Mrs. White claims to be divinely inspired as were the prophets of the Bible. This claim is accepted by the whole denomination. They defend her inspiration as earnestly as they do that of the Bible. Year after year, in their State and General Conferences, ironclad resolutions have been unanimously adopted, endorsing her revelations in the strongest manner." Yet in the past fifty years not one of all her inspired prophecies, which now cover ten bound volumes, commonly called Testimonies, has been fulfilled. "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken."

So we are driven to the conclusion that the prophet of the Adventists is a "false prophet," her "Testimonies" are "destructive heresies," her "command to abstain from meats" prove that she has given "heed to seducing spirits," the fact that she has risen from extreme poverty to wealth while laboring among a poor people, indicates that she has "in covetousness" with feigned words made merchandise of them, by adding her "testimonies" to the prophecies of the Bible as equally inspired, "God shall add" unto her church "the plagues that are written herein," and by substituting the law for the Gospel, denying the immortality of the soul, the conscious state of the dead, eternal punishment of the wicked, the existence of the devil, the divinity of our Lord and the final salvation of any except Seventh-Day Adventists, they have "denied even the Master that bought them." This is the church that boasts it has the only true light and these are the people who alone are the redeemed of the Lord! Only Seven-Day Adventists will be numbered in the one hundred and forty-four thousand (from "the twelve tribes of Israel;") to wear the robes of heaven, while the rest of the universe will be annihilated in the lake of fire. "Beware of false prophets."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

"Through the Year With God."

A. B. Patten.

A year without God would be a tragedy indeed. The hope of all our years is our faith in Providence, our trust in that "Divinity which shapes our ends." This confidence that there is a hand that guides is the truth that makes us free.

God comes to us in our prayers, in our sense of need, in our consciences, and above all, in the love of our hearts. Here we find Him where He finds us. You are to go through the year with the God of your own life. When as a boy, Prof. George A. Coe remarked to his mother that he had no sure sense that God was hearing him when he prayed, that mother was wise enough to tell him that his very desire to pray was God's manifestation of His presence to him. God is to be found in moral values and in ideals in our souls, and in the movement of justice in society. He works within us and among us, but while He inspires our consciences and hearts, He is always "the power not ourselves that makes for righteousness."

Ours must be both the rest of faith and the quest of faith. Faith is creative as well as trustful. In fact, the best way to trust God is to act as if you believed in Him enough to work with Him. Faith is the face turned from the dust. It is the light by which men labor; the confidence that life is worth while, and that the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ. Faith in God is the vision, and it is the courage, by which men build character and citizenship. Where no such vision is the people perish; and where no such courage is civilization withers. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith in the living God. We are to see a new heaven and a new earth of character and citizenship wherein dwelleth righteousness, and then we are to be brave and true enough to help "build on earth the vision hung in air."

We should be dull indeed if we did not see the new heaven and the new earth that have already appeared since Christ came among men. Christ's faith that his Church would be deathless and that his disciples would hold the keys of the kingdom of heaven was the creative force of his religion. Let us confront the new year as he confronted the new era, with optimism and with the audacity of faith. We need not only a faith that works by love, but also a love that works by faith.

The new year with God is something ahead to look forward to; it is something overhead to look up to, and it is something deep in our own hearts to be discovered and revealed as the gift of the Holy Spirit. The year 1910 may already be for us the acceptable year of the Lord, if we receive it both as an unspeakable gift and as a heavenly task. The bounty of the new year is not something glorious to have and to hold, but something beautiful to experience and to express.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

"Bringing Others to Christ." Lesson for Jan. 9.

We cannot go through the year with God, if we forget Jesus Christ. He is God's spirit in our flesh, and to know him is to know the good will of the Father. In the face of Jesus Christ we see both the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, and the light of the knowledge of the glory of man. He must mean everything to us, if we are to make him mean anything to others.

We can hardly expect to bring others to any position which we have not ourselves reached; or at least, to any place where we are not ourselves going. You must have found Christ, or he must have found you, if you are to lead others into his companionship and his spirit. He must have won your personal allegiance, your moral character and your consecration to good citizenship. The success of your personal work will depend upon your personality. You will have to be more than herald, running with a message which you have borrowed; you will have to be a witness, eager to impart the story that has written itself into your very soul, that has become the epic of your inner, life, and the romance of all your living. A College lad once said to one of his friends, "For some time past I have been trying to live the Christian life, and I want my mates to live it with me." His friend replied, "You had no need to tell me; I have seen it in your face and habits." That lad

had an evangelized personality, and so when he spoke the evangelistic word, its power was inevitable.

Nothing counts like the atmosphere of ones character, for that works its charm seven days in the week. But religious conversation counts too, and the right word duly spoken is often decisive for good in another's destiny. There is no art more important than the art of conversation. It should strike all the notes of life, and run the whole gamut of play and of work; of science and of spirituality. I fear we too often neglect to speak of the deeper things of the spirit. I suspect that altogether too many of us nominally Christian people are living in great spiritual isolation. We are not frank or friendly enough in sharing our religous experiences, and so they perish at times almost before they are born.

I am not urging you to wear your heart on your sleeve. I am only urging that now and then you speak out of the depths of your heart, as well as babble in the shallows.

The new year will bring us unbroken opportunity to confess Christ through the purity, reverence and good cheer of Christian character; but it will also bring us occasional opportunities of rare moment to speak the word of witness or of invitation with our lips. Our first great privilege and duty will be with the children who await our light and leading in home and Sunday School and everywhere. We must give them the story, and keep them for Jesus Christ.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A sermon by the Rev. Henry Ainsworth, pastor of the Congregational Church at Cloverdale, was published in the Christian Herald of New York, on the 22d of December.

At the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary will give a paper entitled "Some Suggestions From New Testament Study."

The Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa has kindly consented to write the Christian Endeavor lesson notes for The Pacific for the next six months.

Professor Castor of Pacific Theological Seminary has been serving as college pastor at Mills College for several months. At a recent communion service seven students were received into church membership.

The Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve closed his pastorate in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, last Sunday. He has been found so valuable a man in the Congregational fellowship in this part of California that there will be wide-spread regret should he go elsewhere.

It is evident that our Southern California churches are profiting by the evangelistic labors of the Rev. Harold F. Sayles of Chicago. The church at Highland reported in The Pacific last week a large number of accessions gained through his ministrations. This week favorable report comes from San Bernardino.

Rev. G. A. Charnock, who has been pastor of the Congregational Church in Woodland for the past year, has moved with his family to Oakland. His address is 166½ Fifth St., and his telephone, Oakland 3557. Mr. Charnock plans to remain in Oakland for six months and will be available as "supply" during that time.

The printed minutes of the session of the Northern California Congregational Conference, held at Santa Cruz in October, have been distributed to the churches by the Rev. H. E. Jewett, who has been registrar since 1896 and statistical secretary since 1877. These two offices have been combined, and all who know of Mr. Jewett's painstaking work these many years are glad that these matters are still in his hands.

Governor Frear of Hawaii, who has been to Washington on official business, spent a few days this week at the home of his father, the Rev. Walter Frear of Oakland. It has been rumored that Governor Frear prefers to the governorship his former judicial position, and may be returned to the Supreme Court place which he relinquished to become governor. As in other instances, so in this, The Pacific rejoices in that the sons of pioneer missionaries on the coast and in the islands of the sea attain to positions of eminence and discharge admirably the duties thereof.

During 1909 we have had standing at the head of the editorial columns of The Pacific a request that all letters, unless otherwise specially ordered, be addressed to 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley. Inasmuch as the paper is printed and mailed in San Francisco the statement of our preference that this be done is all that is allowed under the postoffice rules. We cannot make this more prominent than we have, and regret that every week some fail to heed it. The editor and manager is in Berkeley, does all his writing there, keeps the account books there, and spends only a little time in San Francisco. Of course we get all letters that come to the printing office in San Francisco; but, inasmucch as there is a Greek paper published in San Francisco which the postoffice department allows without justification to print below its name in Greek the English equivalent "The Pacific," we fear that some of our mail may never reach us. We had this week a letter addressed simply to "The Pacific, San Francisco," without any street designation.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—One person was welcomed into the fellowship of the church last Sunday.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Sunday-school teachers have voted to make a start January first toward a completely graded course of study. The Bible Study Union course has been selected.

Oakland, Fourth.—The Christmas Cantata given by the Sunday-school under the leadership and training of Mr. Doane, was a delightful affair, and largely attended, as was also the Christmas tree from which Mr. Doane as Santa Claus distributed gifts of candy and goodies to all the children present. Three large automobiles, carrying twenty carolers from Fourth Church, visited twenty-five

homes of friends in the very early hours of Christmas morning and charmed them with their sweet songs and beautiful voices, receiving responsive thanks, and enjoying the hospitality of the last home thus favored at the opening dawn, in the form of a breakfast.

San Bernardino.—On Sunday, the 22d, the special three weeks' mission, conducted by Rev. Harold F. Sayles of Chcago, was concluded. As a result a number of persons will unite with the church at the January communion. There were 54 covenant cards signed during the meeting, of which number 19 expressed a preference for the Congregational Church. The next largest number went to the Methodist and Baptist churches respectively. In the face of unfavorable circumstancces Mr. Sayles won favor continually and closed his work with universal approval of his sermons and methods. Wise in methods, tactful in approach, sweet in spirit, unprofessional in conduct, he brought evangelism into a more favorable light than it had been held in this church.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

On December 5th the Congregational Church at Ashland received fifteen new members—all adults, nine of them on confession. Rev. Edward F. Green, the pastor, is an untiring worker for the uplift of the people in all directions, not only along specifically religious and moral lines, but in civic matters as well, his voice and influence are most potent. The church motto is, " A Church of the People, by the People, for the People." And this motto is made good in numerous ways, about one of which I can personally testify. It was my misfortune to be absent from home on Thanksgiving Day, but my exceedingly good fortune to be in Ashland at that time; whereupon I was literally "taken in" by Mr. and Mrs. Green and their children, and had the priviledge of a few hours fellowship and ——a good dinner, turkey included. This bountiful and well prepared repast indicated that Mrs. Green is an adept in matters culinary as well as in matters musical. In the latter she has long been recognized as a leader. Through her efforts in the choir she has greatly aided her husband in his special field of effort.

Ashland, as a city, has improved more in the past year than in any three years before. The principal business street has been graded and paved with hard surface material, for nearly if not quite a mile, up to and beyond the Congregational Church, which, when organized twenty-one years ago, was away on the extreme southern outskirts of the place. In addition there is a hard-surfaced street leading from the main street just alluded to, the railroad depot. This street runs eastward on the north side of the Congregational Church. This radical improvement over former conditions has greatly enhanced the value of business and residence property along both streets, and resulted in the erection of a number of substantial brick buildings—one four story—on them. The increase in the value of the property owned by the Congregational Church has been in three years from $5,000.00 to over $20,000.00.

Besides the improvements alluded to, the public—spirited citizens of Ashland—and among them the trustees and other business men whose church home is with the Congregational people are recognized leaders—have raised a fund of about $15,000.00 for the erection of a hospital. A beautiful tract of five acres has been secured, located on the main street, about half to three-quarters of a mile south of the Congregational Church, and a commodious hospital building of concrete is under construction of sufficient size to comfortably care for fifty patients at once. The management of this important enterprise will be of the best, and its equipment up to date in every respect.

Yesterday occured the eleventh annual meeting of the Oregon Historial Society, and organization which your correspondent has been associated with since its birth, as assistant or field secretary and curator. It has been his business to secure members, gather historical relics pertaining to the early life of the State, manuscripts, books, papers, pamplets, photographs, etc.—Sources of the history of the State, in fact of the Pacific Northwest, and in a measure of the entire Pacific Coast. The material now in hand may be briefly summarized as follows;Manuscript material, letters, documents, etc, 28,414 pieces; diaries, account books, maps, charts, etc., 389; bound volumes of newspapers 172; loose newspapers, covering the entire American terr on the Pacific coast to some extent, and the early days quite fully, 112,000 books, II,194; pamphlets 6,648; photographs, largely of early pioneers, 6,593; relics, of pioneer days, 1,602. There is no collection upon this coast, relating specifically to the American settlement of this coast, which begins to compare with this in magnitude.

And now the necesity for a permanent building in which to place this collection in order to arrange, bind and index so that it may be accesible to the students, is imperative, and it become the duty of the people of the city of Portland and of the State of Oregon to provide for a safe home for it. Since this collection has a vital historical relation to every phase of human achivement in the "Oregon Country," it would seem as if, in recognition of the educational value it has, the call for a home would not go unheeded very long. The present membership of the Society is 697.

The annual address yesterday before the Society was made by Mr. T. C. Elliott, of Walla, Walla, Washington, a member of the Congregational Church of that city. His subject was "Peter Skene Ogden." Mr Ogden was a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was in charge of Fort Vancouver in November, 1847, at the time of the Whitman massacre. It was through his instrumentality that the fifty-three women and children who were taken prisoners by the Indians at that time were rescued. For this human efforts at this trying time Mr. Ogden's name should ever be held in grateful rembrance by succeeding generations. Mr. Elliott's persistent labors, covering about two years of time and requiring thousands of miles of travel, in order to examine original sources of information, never published, between the years 1812 and 1854, has resulted in throwing a great deal of light upon Mr. Ogden's career, and indicate that he was an extraordinary man in many respects.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Congregational Church of this city have appointed Mrs. A. Staiger, Mrs. F. M. Warren, Mrs. George M. Barker, Mrs. R. C. Taylor, and Mrs. Helen R. Cardwell as a committee to select plans for a memorial window to be erected in loving rememorance of Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor of the church from April 11, 1886, to January 31, 1894, almost eight years. It was during Dr. Clapp's pastorate that the erection of the beautiful house of worship now occupied was begun.

Portland, Dec. 19, 1909.

PASTOR KOCH AND HIS BRETHREN.

A church, The Salem Congregational, was organized at Sanger in 1907. It was composed largely of "Bedthren" from the Volga district of Russia. It had not been recognized by the fellowship of churches, so at the suggestion of Superintendent Rathbone the congregation called a council meeting which was held Dec. 15, 09. Several interesting features were thrown. First of all the brethren that desired the council were in great harmony. They are sturdy Teutons, very common, but it's the old time religion with them.

This council was called for the purpose of a better organization. At 2:00 p. m. a body of brethren gathered around this council. It might have reminded the modern. in the-future-striven brother, of Paul with his common brethren.

They were full of joy to be able to tell the council, how in 1907 they began with 25 members and though their list did not show more than 25 at present, practically, the little church grew in numbers so that now there are 30 to be taken into full membership. And within a radius of three miles of the church are 50 families who would contribute to this body.

For two years Rev. Carl Leyler officiated in this field The brethren of this little church were anxious to have a pastor of their own; giving Rev. John Koch a call he consented. They could only pay him $200 thus applying to C. H. M. S. for help. It was found that our little church has not been recognized by the fellowship of churches. The council could not find why the Salem Congregational Church could not be in full fellowship with all the departments of the church, therefore declared it so.

We are all glad that we could aid these dear brethern in the keeping of their pastor who is a dear brother—who we are sure will appreciate it even when he shall not need our help.

A. GETTENANN, Scribe.

MAGAZINE COMBINATIONS.

The Pacific and The Review of Reviews for $3.25.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.25: American Magazine, Cosmopolitan, Pearsons, Good Housekeeping, Harpers' Bazaar. If more than one of the foregoing are wanted with The Pacific, add 75 cents to the $2.25 for each additional one desired.

The Pacific and any one of the following for $2.55: McClure's Magazine, World Today, Travel Magazine, The Circle, Hampton's. If more than one of the foregoing is wanted, add $1.00 to the $2.55 for each additional publication.

The Pacific and World's Work for $3.80.

The Pacific and Sunset for $2.55.

The Pacific, Sunset, American, and Review of Reviews for $4.80.

"Current Literature" Combination.

Current Literature, American, Good Housekeeping and The Pacific for $4.50.

Current Literature, American and Pacific for $3.80. For American, Good Housekeeping may be substituted.

A NOTABLE EMIGRATION.

How Modjeska and Other Notable Folk Came to Establish the California Colony.

"It happened on one winter evening in 1875," relates Mme. Modjeska in the January "Century" installment of her memoirs. "I consider that evening as a stroke of fate which, in spite of our plans for a peaceful life, was to push us into a mightier whirl than we had hitherto been in. Our circle was large that night. They were all so congenial and so jolly that even I woke up and took part in the conversation. Some one brought news of the coming World's Fair in America. Sienkiwicz, with his vivid imagination, described the unknown country in the most attractive terms. Maps were bought out and California was discussed. It was worth while to hear the young men's various opinions about the Golden West.

" 'You cannot die of hunger there, that is quite sure,' said one. 'Rabbits, hares and partridges are unguarded. You have only to go out and shoot them.'

" 'I have heard' said another, 'that the fruit of California is at least three times larger than that in any other country.'

" 'Yes, everything is extraordinary,' sounded the reply. 'Fancy, the coffee-plant grows wild there. All you have to do is to pick it; also pepper and the castor-oil bean, and ever so many useful plants. One could make an industry of it.'

" 'Besides gold,' said a wise voice. 'Gold! They say you can dig it out almost anywhere.'

" 'There are also rattlesnakes,' added Baranski, in a cynical tone of voice.

" 'Yes; but who cares? You can kill them with a stick.'

" 'Oh, how brave you are, sitting in this cozy room!' said our skeptical friend.

" 'Rattlesnakes are bad, of cocurse, but think of a grizzly bear and a puma, the California jaguar!'

" 'What a glorious hunt one could have!' exclaimed Sienkiewicz, and then added, 'I should like to go and see that country of sunshine and primitive nature.'

"Dr. Karwowski entered just when we were most interested in Sienkiewicz's description of an imaginary storm on the ocean, and said to me jokingly:

" 'You need a change of air, Madame. Why not make a trip to America?'

" 'This is a good idea,' my husband answered. 'Why not?' and he looked at me.

"I repeated, smiling, 'Why not?'

"Chmielowski laughed and exclaimed:

" 'Let us all go. We will kill pumas, build huts, make our own garments out of skins, and live as our forefathers lived!'

" 'Just so,' added Baranski. 'And Pani Helena will cook and wash dishes, and instead of violets and heliotrope, her perfume will be the flavor of dish-water. How enticing-"

"We all laughed, and the subject was dismissed as an impossibility. * * *

"This project was, however, changed in the course of time. Our friends used to talk about the new country, and the possibility of settling down somewhere in the land of freedom, away from the daily vexations to which every

Pole was exposed in Russian or Prussian Poland. Henryk Sienkiewicz was the first to advocate emigration. Little by little others followed him and soon five of them expressed the desire of seeking adventures in the jungles of the virgin land.

"My husband, seeing the eagerness of the young men, conceived the idea of forming a colony in California on the model of Brook Farm. The project was received with acclamation. Those who were willing to share our voluntary exile were, Henryk Sienkiewicz; our married friend Julien Sypniewski, who was anxious to bring up his two children under the influence of nature and the advanced educational system of America; Lucien Paprocki, an amateur caricaturist and my husband's relative; and Stanislaw Witkiewicz.

"One evening when we were dining at the Kranenberg palace with that delightful family, our host asked me if it were true that we intended to emigrate to America. I told him that such was our desire. 'What folly!' he exclaimed. Then looking at me for a while, he added, 'Unless you will study English and play on the American stage!'

"These words touched a string that had been asleep in my soul for a long time. It awakened again the wild hope of playing Shakespeare in his own language. I returned home dreaming impossible dreams, but the next day I was taken down from my heaven by our friends' plans. They looked to me as a sort of providence of the colony, to look after the moral and material welfare of the hard-working farmers they were to be; in a word, to be a guardian angel and a cordon bleu, ordinarily known by the name of cook.

"Oh, but to cook under the sapphire blue sky in the land of freedom! What joy! I thought. To bleach linen at the brook like the maidens of Homer's Iliad! And after the day of toil, to play the guitar and sing by moonlight, to recite poems, or to listen to the mocking-birds! And listening to our songs would be charming Indian maidens, our neighbors, making wreaths of luxuriant wild flowers for us! And in exchange we should give them trinkets for their handsome brown necks and wrists. And, oh, we should be so far away from everyday gossip and malice, nearer to God, and better. Yes, the project of a simple life, so mocked at today, had for us the charm of a revivifying novelty. It seemed like being born again.

"I obtained a leave of absence from the president for one year. After that time I was bound either to return or to pay the forfeit of 6,000 rubles for breaking the contract.

"In the early spring Henryk Sienkiewicz and Julien Sypniewski sailed for the new world. The rest of us were to follow them in July. Sypniewski returned with glowing accounts of the beauties of California. The letters of Sienkiewicz were also most convincing, and we began to make preparations for the journey."

THE YEAR'S END.

Full happy is the man who comes at last
  Into the safe completion of his year;
Weathered the perils of his spring, that blast
  How many blossoms promising and dear!
And of his summer, with dread passions fraught,
  That oft, like fire through the ripening corn,
Blight all with mocking death and leave distraught
  Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn.
But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight,
  Oh, grateful is he to the powers above
For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night
  By hearth-side genial with the warmth of love.
Through silvered days of vistas gold and green
  Contentedly he glides away, serene.

—Timothy Cole in the January Century.

THE HOME

THE ABIDING VOICE.

Once when you left me in a room alone,
Sudden the world seemed void and black,
So that my heart cried, "Were she gone,
Gone, never to come back!
Some day, how will it be?
What will remain for me?"
Then through the open door I heard
Your gentle singing, as you stirred
In some unselfish task,
And in my heart the answering song rang clear,
"God bless her, always near."

Now long miles spread between us, and I ask,
Can we be sundered further still?
These miles are naught—
Still I can feel your presence near, your song
Still mingles with my thought
To shame my fears of distant ill,
And make my faltering courage strong:
For listening here I know
That when the miles stretch into infinite space,
Beyond the scope of sense or sight,
Upon my spirit's vision there will glow
Sometimes the semblance of your face,
And on my spirit's ear, attuned aright,
Will fall your gentle singing, by heaven's grace
Borne down to guide men groping in the night,
Unable, but through you, to reach your place.

—M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

THE OLD SCHOOL MASTER.

No one would have thought, looking at his benign face, or listening to the calm and measured tones of his voice, that the wind of tragedy had once swept across the old schoolmaster's life.

Being himself the oldest inhabitant of the little hamlet huddled so cosily in the cleft of the hills, he had sympathised with all its joy and sorrow from the beginning.

When the beginning actually was, nobody seemed exactly to know. The place without the old schoolmaster would have been inadequate, incomplete; in fact, altogether inconceivable.

Those who had been his contemporaries had died out one by one, and the only one who remembered the coming of the schoolmaster in the far back days was Captain Drew, of the White House, where he had lived for seven and fifty years.

The schoolmaster had arrived in winter, dropping down suddenly from nowhere, a tall, slender, darkeyed man, with youth in his step, but experience and sadness on his face. It was long before the advent of the School Board, in the days when education was for the few, and not for the many. The Loaning was glad to welcome the pale-faced stranger, when it was discovered that he had store of knowledge—classical knowledge, too, which he was willing to impart at a modest fee.

These were the days when great men were cradled in village homes, and trained in unpretentious schools by men who loved learning for its own sake, and imparted that love to others with thoroughness and care.

There was no standard then save love alone, and the few for whom books had the immortal message went out when the time came to deliver that message to the world with all the power that was in them.

Of such men, whose names are now upon the roll of history and of fame, the old schoolmaster had trained not a few.

His pride in the gallant boys who passed through his hands was only equalled by their affection for him. Indeed, he had a singular power of winning hearts, and many wondered how it was that one so gentle and yet so strong, so fitted in every way for the making of a home, should have elected to walk solitary through life.

The school was a broad, low building of the black whinstone peculiar to the neighbourhood. It stood in an ample playground in which a few sparse trees that had survived the hard usage of many generations of Loaning boys made some slight shade in summer, and broke the force of the moorland gale in winter.

The schoolhouse was hard by, a small, low, picturesque, though highly inconvenient dwelling, embowered among green, its outside a picture at which many paused to look.

Here the old schoolmaster had lived for nearly forty years, ministered unto for three parts of that time by one Christina Fellows, a capable serving woman of the better sort, who alternately mothered and ruled him, and hoped to close his eyes in death.

Christina had a hard face, and did not wear her heart on her sleeve; but she had had her tragedy too, and had veritably been a brand plucked from the burning by the schoolmaster's beneficent hand.

Accused of theft in her previous place, she had been set adrift and might have gone under had not the schoolmaster taken her, without a character, when the hand of every man and every woman in the parish was against her, and she had literally not a place wherein to lay her head.

She had repaid that Christ-like act with a life-long devotion, but even Christina knew very little of her master's inner life.

"Gie him buiks," she would say; "he's a terrible man for buiks. If it wasna for me, he wad read hisel' intil his grave."

The School Board, and all its newfangled ways, which in fulness of time robbed the old schoolmaster of his official postion and placed him on the retired list, was the main object of Christina's hatred and contempt. It was noticeable that from the day when the schoolmaster gave up his active duties to another and a younger man, he perceptibly declined both in health and in spirits. Happily for him, they suffered him to remain in the little house, which did not meet modern requirements or satisfy the aspirations of the new schoolmaster, who wished everything up to date. This was a very happy thing for the old man. Dig up the old tree, root and branch, and there is small chance of its safe or successful transplantation. The old schoolmaster and Christina dwelt together in their green bower with a perfect understanding, though in all these years the veil was never once lifted from the old man's heart and life.

At the very last, it seemed as if fate had relented and determined to make late amends. It happened on a bleak day in winter when the lowering sky seemed to breathe out threatenings, while the scudding snowflakes presaged the coming storm.

The Loaning moorland was very bleak on such a day, and the few passengers in the village omnibus, which plied from the station in the afternoon, were glad of the shelter of the old leather cover, kept for hard weather. There were three passengers only, one an elderly lady, richly though very quietly dressed, and wearing a thick veil over her face.

When she lifted it at the inn door to put a question to the landlord there was a haunting sweetness in her expression, and a dignity in her bearing which instantly commanded attention and respect.

She asked for a room, and for some light refreshment, and gave her name as Mrs. Grantley. About an hour later, she walked through the falling snow along the village street in the direction of the school, and turned in at the gateway of the old schoolmaster's house. The daylight was fading as she lifted the latch of the wicket gate, and at the very moment Christina Fellows happened to be at the sitting-room window, for the purpose of drawing the blind after having lit the cheerful lamp.

"There's somebody at the yett," she said curiously. "A leddy, an' I dinna ken her! She must hae made a mistake."

The schoolmaster, deep in his book, returned an absent answer, and Christina hastened to the door to interview the stranger, and, if need be, put her in the right way.

"Yes, Maister Thornton lives here, an' he is at hame," she said, in no little surprise. "Will ye step in?"

The invitation was not very graciously given, but was instantly accepted. Christina preceded the visitor to the sitting-room door, which she flung open.

"Somebody to see ye, sir," she said excitedly; then, her curiosity getting the better of her good manners, she stood still to watch the effect, and, if possible, get a clue to the stranger's business.

The schoolmaster rose quickly to his feet, and came forward smiling benignly, blinking a little as the lamplight shone full on the eyes from which he had removed the reading glases. Then Christina Fellows beheld a strange thing, from which she shrank with the secret shame of a strong, reserved nature incapable of any emotional display.

The strange lady, with her veil thrown back, and her sweet face all aglow, spoke the schoolmaster's name in accents of tenderness, and laid her two hands on his shoulders.

"I've come at the long last, Tom," she said. "Thank God, it is not too late."

Then Christina, in a mortal panic, not even sure that she had heard or seen aright, closed the door in haste, and retired, wringing her hands, to her own domain. "Mercy me, sic ongauns? I wonder wha she is? It's hardly decent but I maun wait or I see."

She felt however, as if the end of all things had come.

The schoolmaster's face flushed, and he took the hands from his shoulders and held them close, then stooped to kiss them, and she drew herself a little away.

"I know everything, Tom," she said, nodding and smiling too, though her voice had an unsteady note. "I have known it only three days. In that time I have travelled seven hundred miles, praying God that when I came to the journey's end I should find you able to hear me speak."

"It is wonderful, Mary, wonderful" he said, speaking like a man in a dream. "I never thought that you and I should meet in this world, though I have long been certain about the next."

She made a gesture of fine scorn.

"I know of the lies that parted us, and of the noble part you played to save the good name of a man whom you thought I loved. He won me by these lies, Tom, and you bore the brunt. He was not even honest in his death," she said, and her voice took a tense note of scorn. "If he had been I should have found you long ago, and se we might have had a few more years together. It was a Christ-like act. You practically laid down your life, not for your friend, but for your enemy."

"Nay, my dear," said the old schoolmaster quickly. "It was done for you."

"Well, but it was not wise nor well done for any of us, for I have had a hard life. But, please God, we shall have a few days of happiness and peace together; for since I find you alone in this little house, I will never go away again."

She spoke like a woman who had counted the whole cost, and whose quest was ended absolutely. She laid her gloves on the table, untied her bonnet strings, and pushed it with a little rill of laughter to the floor, and the lamplight on her bright hair revealed not a trace of grey.

'You have kept your youth' Mary," he said tremblingly, for in a moment the gulf of the years was not only bridged, but utterly swept away. "Look at me, a broken old man? Yet, if it pleases God to give me the sweet of your friendship for the few years that are left, I will give Him thanks.

She only smiled again with a deep, mysterious sweetness in her eyes, and sat down by the hearth as if she had found the place that was her very own.

Later in the evening, an interview took place between the stranger lady and Christina Fellows, an interview which not only appeased the ire of that somewhat hard-visaged spinster, but spread out a new vista before her bewildered eyes. A message was sent to the Hawes Inn, and the lady's belongings were forthwith brought to the schoolhouse, and the new era began. It made a great talk in the Loaning, it being freely rumoured that a mysterious rich relation had suddenly swooped down upon the old scLoolmaster and was desirous of carrying him off to her castle in the south. Christina, for her own amusement, and to add to the dignity of the occasion, assiduously fanned the flame of village gossip, adding a few titbits of her own manufacture to the astounding sum of the school-house romance.

But all Loaning imaginings fell far short of the actual end of the story, which presently shook the place to its very foundations,

One fine February morning the schoolmaster and his guest departed from the Loaning, being accompanied to the station by Christina, who bade good-bye to them in tears.

Two days later, this announcement set the county by the ears;

"At Edinburgh, by special license, on the 19th inst., Thomas Bradbury Thornton, to Mary Caxton, widow of the late Sir Charles Grantley, of Garth Castle, Pembroke."

David Lyall in British Weekly.

Young People

THE JOY OF PASSING A THING ALONG

How a Little Thoughtful Service Increases Happiness.

"When any of us have a good thing we should try to pass it along," said the teacher of the class of girls. "Few of us have any idea how much this may mean to others. Even a kind word passed along may prove the turning point in a life. Every little thing counts. A grain of sand isn't very big or apparently of much use, but when we have millions of them we get our beaches and sand-bars, and we can mix them with cement and make great piers and breakwaters or even houses.

"A dime isn't much to many people," the speaker continued. "But it will buy two loaves of bread, and if a person or family is starving it will save life. Did you ever consider the value of an idea when passed along? A great monument was built by a dime backed up by an idea. A girl had the idea, and she asked every one interested to contribute a dime, and thousands of dollars were thus raised."

"I think those who have plenty of money could give dollars where another gives a dime, and not feel it so much," one of the older girls interrupted, showing that she was not convinced.

"Probably," replied the teacher, with a smile on his lips. "But it isn't always the value of money that makes it of importance. Let me tell you a little story which may better illustrate my point."

The class settled back to listen, for stories either with or without a moral always appealed to them.

'There was a young girl of sixteen who greatly envied her nearest neighbor who owned an automobile. More than once she said ruefully: "I think Mrs. Wilson might offer to give us a ride once in a while, mother. She never seems to think that other people like to ride in automobiles. I think she's real selfish with her nice things."

"Then one day when the girl was resting near the roadside after a ride on her bicycle she saw Mrs. Wilson go by leaning comfortably back in her automobile. A girl friend who happened to pass on foot just then looked at the departing car.

"Agnes, who owned the bicycle, said ruefully: 'Isn't she selfish with her automobile. She never asks any one to take a ride in it, and I so long to go.'

"Jenny, thus spoken to, turned around, and finally said: 'Yes, it is nice to ride in an automobile, but I think I would be perfectly contented if I could ride a bicycle once in a while.'

"There was an exchange of glances. Then Agnes started up with a smile and flush on her face. 'I believe I'm just

as selfish as Mrs. Wilson. Why, Jenny, I never thought of it. Here, take my wheel and use it for the rest of the day.'

" 'Oh, do you mean it?' exclaimed the delighted girl.

" 'Yes, I mean it, but'—hesitating—'on the condition you pass along something which you may have and somebody else hasn't.'

"Jenny hesitated and looked thoughtfully at her comion. 'Why, what have I to pass on? I haven't any automobile or bicycle.'

" 'No, but maybe you have something else another person is envious of. Try to think of something.'

"Jennie rode away and enjoyed the day immensely. It carried her out into the green fields, and toward night she returned to town. She passed old Mary trudging home after a hard day's work. The two nodded, and then Jenny dismounted, and said: 'I wish you could ride this wheel, Mary, and get some of the pleasure I've had.'

" 'Ah, I'm too old for that,' replied Mary, but I'd like to take a trolly ride to-night and get a rest in the open air.'

" 'Why, why don't you?' Then the girl stopped. Was this not her opportunity? 'Here, Mary, I have a dime I was going to spend on something I didn't need. You take it and have your trolley ride.'

"Old Mary thanked her and that evening she took her trolly ride. The next day was an off day with her, and she was planning to stay home and take things easy. The remembrance of the cool trolly ride was still fresh in her mind, and she told Mrs. Harrigan, who lived next door, all about it, ending with the remark: 'You'd enjoy such a ride, Mrs. Harrigan. Why don't you take one?'

" 'What do I want of trolly rides?' was the reply. 'I'd be satisfied if I could get rid of the twins for a few hours so I could do my work. It's hot work tending them and trying to cook the dinner for the men.'

"Old Mary had no money to offer, but she had something else equally good. She had a willing spirit and the opportunity. 'Bring the twins over here for a day, Mrs. Harrigan,' she said, 'and I'll take care of them.'

"She entertained the babies not only that day, but many other days. She trundled them in their carriages out in the park and found pleasure in doing it. Jenny, who had been awakened to her own opportunities, used her dimes in sending old Mary off frequently on trolly rides, and Agnes was more thoughtful in lending her wheel to her friends. Then one day Mrs. Wilson graciously asked Agnes for a ride in her automobile, and in a burst of confidence the girl told her of her selfish thoughts and how she had been cured of them.

"Mrs. Wilson was deeply affected, and the next day the handsome automobile was put into a unique service. It carried half a dozen crippled children from an asylum for a long ride in the country. Many times a year now Mrs. Wilson may be seen taking others riding with her; sometimes it is Agnes or Jenny and sometimes it is a crippled child. She had learned, too, how to pass along a good thing, and the chain extended down so far that Mrs. Harrigan, hard working and sickly as she was, forged another link by offering the use of her washtubs to a poorer neighbor who was trying to make a living at washing without the necessary equipments."—G. E. Walsh.

Prohibition is not the sum of all goodness, as is shown by the fact that the Mohammedans are prohibitionists. There are 700,000,000 of them. If one uses liquor, he is sneered at as being a Christian.

Do we not sometimes say "nervous temperament" when we should say "hasty temper"?

Christ's love does not depend on our faith, but our faith depends on his love. Our service depends on his love, also. We need to feed our faith there if we are to serve him at all. "If any man serve, him at all. "If any man serve me, let him follow me." The way to serve is to be a disciple: to sit at his feet, to learn of him, to submit to him. Before we can do his work we must drink of his spirit and let him teach us his secret. Before we can serve him we must be humble enough to let him serve us. "Behold," said Thomas a Kempis, "all things are Thine which I have and whereby I serve thee. And yet contrariwise Thou rather servest me than I thee."

This is the root of our faith, the source of our strength, and the very heart of our communion: namely, that the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister. There are other aspects of religion, the fight of faith, the witness to the truth, Christian duties, Christian service, and the whole issue in practice of Christian love, but this first, and this last also, and this all the time, that our spiritual life depends utterly on Christ. Creep close to the warmth of his love: get near to the source of your joy and service. Let the Son of Man minister to you, serve you with his own sweet courtesy.—From "Christ's Service of Love."

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